

ARTICLE II.

CEMETERIES.

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Hydriotaphia, Urn Burial, or a Discourse of the Sepulchral Urns lately found in Norfolk. By Thomas Browne, Doctor of Physic. London. Printed for Charles Brome, 1686. pp. 21 Fol.

The Church in the Catacombs: a Description of the Primitive Church of Rome, illustrated by its Sepulchral Remains. By Charles Maitland, M. D. London, 1846. pp. 312 8vo.

Le Veritable Guide et Conducteur aux Cimitieres du Pere La Chaise, Montmartre, Mont-Parnasse et Vangirard. Par M. M. Richard et * * *. Paris, 1836: Roy Terry, Editeur. pp. 360 18mo.

"It is the heaviest stone," says the sententious doctor of physic, Sir Thomas, "that melancholy can throw at a man, to tell him that he is at the end of his nature; or that there is no further state to come, unto which this seems professional, and otherwise made in vain." Hence the vast majority of men have endeavored to avert such missiles by cemeteries, monuments, cremations, embalmings, and obsequies of endless name. By these they testify to an innate conviction of another life, where thought and memory and affection shall survive. Antique sculpture at Rome (in Aedibus Barberinis) represents a man just arrived at the Elysian fields, holding out his hand to a shade whom he recognizes as his wife, and is mutually recognized by her. This expectation is common to Pagan and Christian, but with the Christian, how ennobled!

Again, it is a very heavy stone to be thrown at a man, as the knight might have gone on to say, to tell him there shall be no memory of him with posterity. Be it that "pyramids, arches, and obelisks are the irregularities of vain glory, and wild enormities of ancient magnanimity," it is a natural feeling and not to be despised, that there lived such a man as I myself. "Siste viator! Stop, traveller! and read, how I once lived as you now do. Haply, if you inquire, you may find *what* I was, as well as who, and in that knowledge something that claims kindred and challenges interest in yourself, beyond that of community of species. This feeling is in the humblest as in the loftiest; it raises the rude monument in the country church yard as it does the costly structure in the cemetery of the proud city. The lines

of Gray, in which rhythm and sweet melancholy blend so inimitably, are exactly to this point :

“For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned ?
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?”

Another heavy stone thrown at a man would it be, to tell him, “Your friends will show no outward marks of respect and affection for your mortal relics. They will carry you out to the Esquiline Hill and throw you into the deep pit's mouth with slaves and malefactors, or leave you to be devoured by dogs and vultures.” The man who laughs at obsequies ancient or modern, Pagan or Christian, has acquired an obtuseness of heart that should well nigh make him an outlaw from the community of sorrow and sympathy. The brutes do better when they bellow at the blood of their kindred. “Diogenes,” said one, “when you die, what shall be the disposition of your body ?” “Hang me up,” said the Cynic, “on a tree, with my staff in my hand, to scare away crows.” And Humanity says, “Let Diogenes be hung up ; but as for me and mine, I crave a better lot—my body, shrived and affectionately committed to the urn or grave, a thrice repeated Vale ! spoken, and a stone to mark the spot.” On this point, we own no part nor lot with Diogenes, but frankly avow that in the anticipation of the dread hour and the narrow cell, it affords a real consolation that surviving friends will make these outward demonstrations of affection and respect.

Nor may we despise that very prevalent feeling in the world in all ages, that, some way or other, a becoming funeral service foreshadows a better condition at the next stage. To throw a little earth upon an unburied body, was a sweet charity with the Roman ; it would save the otherwise cheerless shade a hundred years' wandering on the shores of Styx. The utensils and armor exhumed from the graves of our own aborigines, show a similar expectation. How they supposed the kettle, the pipe, the bow and the arrow were to get to the point of their own destination, is not the question. It is true, also, that Christianity scatters to the winds these fantasies of the heathen ; but considering them as connected with the innate conviction of immortality, with all their distortion and wantonness of imagination, they challenge our respect. May they not be connected with obscure but real tradition concerning a resurrection of the body ?

The Greek and Roman fables of Elysium, Tartarus, Charon, Styx, Minos, and his consessors, came from Egypt. According to the ear-

liest records, the burial place of the ancient Memphis was in an island of the adjacent lake, called Acherusia. On the shore sat a court of judges. If the character of the deceased, whose body was brought thither, had been good, the court permitted the funeral to proceed, and the body was ferried over to the island. The island was most tastefully ornamented with groves and shrubbery, and the place called Elisout—the blest. The court ordered a eulogy to be pronounced. But if the character of the deceased was bad, the body was ordered to be thrown into a loathsome ditch, with degrading ceremonies. The ditch was denominated Tartar—miserable. Hence the Greek and Roman *Tartarus*, as also from Elisout, *Elysium*.

In times after these, arose the art and mystery of embalming, invented by the Egyptians and by them lost, perhaps irrecoverably. Removing the more perishable parts, the brain and viscera, they filled the body with spices and other indurating substances, so that it seemed to defy equally the tooth of worms and of time. Indeed, judging from the fulness and freshness of those specimens exhibited in our country some four years since, it is not extravagant to say that the mummies of Egypt which shall escape the exhumation of curiosity and vandalism, will retain their identity of form and substance till the consummation of all things. This study of the Egyptians in the art of embalming, and in the time-defying character of their sepulchres, evinces an anxiety for the body which we think it will be difficult to explain short of the hypothesis of a resurrection.

The same sort of interest, it may be less in degree, we trace all along the course of time. The few handfuls of earth bestowed by a pious hand was, to the Greek and Roman, a boon of immeasurable value. In Rome, every person was considered as having both a legal and a moral right to burial, that is, to funeral rites; for it made no difference in respect to care for the body whether it were buried entire or burned. Among the Greeks both methods were practised, though burning chiefly. The Romans interred most, till the time of Sylla. This tyrant, fearing his successors would treat him as he had treated Marius, ordered his own body to be burned; and after that, burning became the more common mode. The Jews interred till the time of Asa; thence onward to the captivity, burning prevailed. But after the captivity, interment was again the only practice.

The occasion of our learned knight's essay was the digging up, in 1645, in the county of Norfolk, England, between forty and fifty earthen vases or urns, containing ashes and bones half consumed. These "were deposited in a dry and sandy soil, not a yard deep, nor far from one another: . . . some containing two pounds of bones, distin-

guishable in skulls, ribs, jaws, thigh-bones, and teeth, with fresh impressions of their combustion. Besides the extraneous substances, like pieces of small boxes, or combs handsomely wrought, handles of small brass instruments, brazen nippers, and in one some kind of opal. Near the same plot of ground, for about six yards compass, were digged up coals and incinerated substances, which begat conjecture that this was the *Ustrina* or place of burning their bodies, or some sacrificing place unto the *manes*." "The present urns were not of one capacity, the largest containing above a gallon; some not much above half that measure; nor all of one figure, wherein there is no strict conformity, in the same or different countries; observable from those represented by Casalius, Bosio, and others, though all found in Italy. While many have handles, ears, and long necks, but most imitate a circular figure, in a spherical and round composure, whether from any mystery, best duration, or capacity, were but a conjecture. But the common form with necks was a proper figure, making our last bed like our first; nor much unlike the urns of our nativity, while we lay in the nether part of the earth, and inward vault of our microcosm."

As no inscriptions were found on these urns, their date was uncertain. From all the circumstances, our author concludes they might have belonged to the Romans of Agricola's time, as not far from the place is an ancient Roman camp; or they might have been the deposit of more ancient Britons, since it is evident from Tacitus and others that the Gauls, Germans, and Scandinavians burned their dead bodies; or, finally, they may have dated from the era of the Antonines, and so have been at least thirteen hundred years old. Whoever the proprietors of these relics may have been, no question they were deposited by anxious, sorrowing friends, with many tears and affectionate remembrances, and with hopes of some sort reaching far into the future. What the fundamental idea of the practice of burning was, can hardly be determined by us. The absolute ashes of a dead body bear but a small proportion to the whole solidity, the greater part flying off in a gaseous form. Nor do the discourses of Cicero and other ancient philosophers enlighten us much when they talk of the fiery nature of the soul, and how it seeks the upper regions according to the laws of specific gravity. The fable and emblem of the Phoenix too, which often graced the urn, give us but the general idea of a life beyond the present, and no clue to the careful preservation of the ashes.

More significant are the "extraneous substances—small boxes, combs handsomely wrought, bundles of small brass instruments, etc.,"

found in the urns ; and especially the analogous things so often found in the graves of our own aborigines. Well do we remember looking at and sadly contemplating a mass of skulls and other bones, mingled with domestic utensils and warlike implements, the relics of an Indian burying ground, exhumed by the excavations made for a public canal. Tradition from the last of the tribe held that on that same spot there had been fought a bloody battle between their own and a neighboring tribe. What was the origin of this custom? Why put the bow and lance, the kettle and the ornament, in the grave with the body? No probable answer seemed returned but this. These people, or their ancestors who taught them, believed in a resurrection of the body. In some way, however inexplicable, they believed their immortal part would again visit the body and be reunited ; and that they would use again the implements of their former life.

A deeper conviction of the same comes from those mummies of Egypt, whose date reaches back three thousand and perhaps four thousand years ago. And especially when we connect them with their complicated infoldings, their sarcophagi, and the colossal structures of catacombs and pyramids, built for their reception. Desire to perpetuate a name might be a sufficient motive among the great ones of the earth, the Pharaohs and their prime ministers ; but we can hardly think so of the multitude. Again, respect and affection for friends, we should think, would be satisfied with obsequies which did not forecast for thousands of years. But here we see a whole nation, from the prince to the peasant, preserving with most careful solicitude the mortal part, and successfully too, as if in expectation of its living again. From the whole history of funeral rites that come to us from every source, we cannot avoid the conviction that the doctrine of a resurrection was entertained in the earliest ages, and has permeated the religious notions of every tribe. Distorted and woefully confused these notions have been, it is true. In Egypt, by the doctrine of the metempsychosis ; in Greece and Rome, by the fables of Elysium and Tartarus, by Charon and Styx, and the *umbra* retaining the form of its earthly partner ; in more barbarous tribes, confused by vague conceptions, but the generic idea is there. Not merely does the soul survive the body, but it shall be united to it again.

In confirmation of this connection, we hesitate not to adduce the passage in Job : " O that my words were now written ! O that they were printed in a book ! That they were graven with an iron pen and lead, in the rock for ever ! For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth : And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God :

Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another; though my reins be consumed within me."

Mr. Barnes has reasoned ingeniously on this passage to show that it does not contain even an allusion to a resurrection. But after attentively considering his reasons, we dissent from his conclusion and adhere to our first impressions. He admits that our translators believed it affirmed a resurrection, that the Vulgate, Septuagint, Chaldee, and Syriac versions favor it, that almost the united body of plain, sober-minded Christians have so received it, and that even the original, by itself, is not inconsistent with it. And he seems to admit also that if one letter were changed in the word תְּבִישָׁרִי, so that instead of reading תְּבִישָׁרִי, which even Herder renders "in my living body," but which Roemmüller translates *absque carne mea*, "without my flesh," it read, בְּתִישָׁרִי, *in my flesh*, it would necessarily imply a resurrection. He has also had a sore conflict with his first impressions. But inasmuch as the original, fairly interpreted and translated, does not necessarily imply a resurrection; as it is inconsistent with the argument and scope of the book, because if so understood, it would have settled the controversy between Job and his friends; as it is inconsistent with numerous passages where Job expresses a contrary belief; as the doctrine is not referred to by the other speakers in the argument; as it would be inconsistent with the views of the age in which Job lived (the Abrahamic age); and as the exigencies of the argument are met by the supposition that it refers to some such event as is recorded in the close of the book: therefore, his conclusion. He also asserts in his "Introduction," that the knowledge and views of Old Testament saints in respect to a *future state* (the whole future state, if we understand him) were so very dim, that this life was immeasurably preferable; the scattered rays in the future serving only to render the horrible sights more horrible. He appeals to Ps. vi. and lxxxviii. and to Hezekiah's prayer, Isa. xxxviii., to Job 10: 20—22, etc.

Now it seems to us that Mr. Barnes wholly overlooks one commentator who should be heard and who should modify his views on this whole subject. We mean the apostle Paul in Heb. xi. Paul says Abraham forsook home and country, became a stranger in a strange land, and met cheerfully innumerable privations and trials, *because* he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God: a city not here, but beyond. Sarah also had similar faith; it gave her the strength of conception when past age, and being the wife of Abraham, it is not likely the "city which hath foundations" was out of the circumference of her faith. These all (Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Sarah) died in faith, not having received here what they

expected—the city among other things and chiefly—but were persuaded of its existence, and embraced it and confessed themselves strangers and pilgrims here. They who say such things declare plainly that they *seek* a country. Had they preferred this, they could have had their choice, and taken their fill; but now they desire a better country, *that is, an heavenly*. Abraham offered up Isaac, believing God was able to raise him from the dead, that is, that if he had struck the fatal blow, God would have raised him to life on the altar, or from the ashes, from which he did in a figure—all but—receive him. It could have been no great stretch of faith to have passed on to a resurrection after his natural death; and the words, *in a figure*, convey an intimation of such an event. Moses chose affliction with God's people rather than the pleasures, treasures, and honors of Egypt's court, because he had respect to the recompense of the reward; which in this connection must mean, at least involve, the city which hath foundations, to which Abraham looked. Finally, Paul says of the ancient martyrs—those of Manasseh's time doubtless, as well as those of Antiochus Epiphanes, that they accepted not deliverance, looking for a better *resurrection*.

Paul then does say clearly, in this chapter, that Old Testament saints, those of Abraham's age, had clear views of a future state and not dim; and in saying this, we may still say the New Testament has shed a flood of light on the subject. Paul does say also that Old Testament saints believed in a resurrection. We offset Paul, therefore, against David and Hezekiah and Job in his contrary assertions, that is, we offset Paul against those *interpretations* of the former which make their gloomy forebodings cover the whole future state. And we think if writers would distinguish more between the intermediate state, for such a state there is between each one's death and the consummation, those gloomy passages would not appear so formidable. Let us add that the New Testament itself has but few passages on that intermediate state, which makes those three, viz. "To die is gain," "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise," and the parable of the Rich man and Lazarus, inestimably precious. At the same time it does speak of the transition from the intermediate state to the resurrection state as one of great exaltation and desirableness.

To proceed. We believe that, however superstition and fable may have obscured the subject in the minds of Egyptians, Greeks and Romans, and barbarous nations, traces of a resurrection are to be found. In short, we believe God revealed it to Adam; and that Abraham, who rejoiced to see Christ's day and saw it and was glad, was acquainted with it. And in this view we read, with ever fresh delight, the con-

separation of that first cemetery of which we have any authentic record.

Abraham was a wanderer. In the country of Chaldaea he was born; there, in the dew of his youth, he married Sarah; with her, in company with his father, he emigrated to Haran on the Upper Euphrates; from thence, at the call of God, he went to Canaan, and we next hear of him at Mamre, whose pleasant valley attracted him. Here dwelt Abraham and Sarah with strangers; here they saw God and his angels; here, together, they walked with God in holy reverence, and with one another in kindest affection. From this spot they often made excursions, as the necessities of herds and flocks led them, now to Egypt, now to Philistia, now to the cities of the Plain; but ever returning to the delightful valley between converging hills, where they had seen the burning lamp and smoking furnace, pledges of the great promise; where they had entertained angels with a kid from their flock, and cakes from their storehouse; whither Abraham had returned joyful from Moriah with the son of promise raised "in a figure" from the dead. What a meeting must this have been with the wife of his affections, when he told her of the sorrowful journey, and the guileless but most touching inquiry of Isaac, "Behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb for the burnt offering?" No wonder that Mamre, the same is Hebron, became endeared to them through so many wonderful events and tender associations.

At length the days of mourning come. The longest life will have an end. Behold, Sarah dies! the companion of his travels, the partner of his joys, the soother of his sorrows, probably for more than a hundred years. For "Sarah was an hundred and seven and twenty years old, and she died in Kirjath-Arba, the same is Hebron. And Abraham came to mourn for Sarah and to weep for her," he gave the parting kiss, he closed her eyes, the patriarch wept over the corpse of his beloved.

"And Abraham stood up from before his dead and spake unto the sons of Heth, 'I am a stranger and a sojourner with you: give me,' that is, sell me, 'a possession of a burying-place with you, that I may bury my dead out of my sight.' And they said, 'Hear us, my lord: thou art a mighty prince among us,' thou hast gained our entire respect and confidence though a stranger, 'in the choice of our sepulchres bury thy dead; none of us shall withhold his sepulchre,' we scorn to sell thee a place, so free is our heart. At this respectful generosity the patriarch stood up and bowed himself to the people of the land: "If it be your mind that I bury my dead out of my sight, hear me, and entreat for me to Ephron the son of Zohar, that he may

give me the cave of Machpelah which he hath, which is in the end of his field." But Ephron, in his sympathy, emulates the generosity of his brethren; calling them to witness, he declares he will not sell his field, but will make a whole present of it. Again the patriarch bowed himself before them and said to Ephron, "If thou wilt part with it, I pray thee hear me. I will give thee money for it: take it of me, and I will bury my dead," not without. And when, hardly persuaded, Ephron named a price, Abraham weighed to him the silver which he had named, "four hundred shekels of silver, current money with the merchant."

"No mean salary of Judas,"¹ the father of the faithful offers for the last resting place of his bosom friend. Moreover he wants it for a possession, a possession of permanency, confirmed by solemn contract. For here he intends to lie down himself at the end of his now hastening career: with the wife of his bosom he means to rest, with her he means to rise. Not only respect and affection moved Abraham to act thus, in establishing a burial place for his family, but religion also.

"And the field of Ephron," the account proceeds, "which was in Machpelah, before Mamre, the field and the cave therein, and all the trees that were in the field, that were in all the borders round about, were made sure unto Abraham in the presence of the children of Heth, before all that went in at the gate, for a possession of a burying place." And there Abraham buried Sarah his wife in the cave. There Isaac and Ishmael buried Abraham; there Isaac buried Rebecca; there Jacob and Esau buried Isaac; there Jacob buried Leah; and there the sons of Jacob, going up from Egypt in solemn procession, buried him. And there the relics remain, as we believe, to this day, preserved by the providence of God, guarded by the Argus eyes of a race that as yet possess no part or lot in the spiritual blessings which pertain to Abraham and his seed. There the old quadrangle, with its massive limestone walls and peculiar pannel-work indentations, identifying it with a very remote age, most likely David's, still protects the relics. And there probably 't will stand as long as time endures. As if God had set his own seal to the original consecration, and had thus given example and authority to all succeeding ages, to regard piously the earthly tabernacle of his noblest creation, and preserve it for a higher destiny.

¹ But Plato seemed too frugally politic, who allotted no larger monument than would contain four heroic verses, and designed the most barren ground for sepulture: Though we cannot commend the goodness of that sepulchral ground that was set at no higher rate than the mean salary of Judas.—*Hydriotaphia*, ch. 3.

The next most interesting cemetery in the world (always excepting Calvary), is doubtless the catacombs of Rome. It was in the year 1841 that Maitland obtained the materials of his work by actual inspection of inscriptions in the Vatican and consulting the best works. The origin of the catacombs is as follows. The subsoil of Rome is a formation of loose, sandy rock of various solidity, in which tufa and puzzolana prevail. These furnished materials for building the city, both stone and cement. To obtain these materials, pits were dug and subterranean galleries run, following often the veins of puzzolana. By the latter times of the republic, these pits and galleries had become very numerous and extensive, reaching even miles around the city, as on the Appian Way. A celebrated locality was on the Esquiline hill, where, as Sir Thomas Browne observes, "abject corps were huddled forth and carelessly burnt without the Esquiline Port." And Horace, Sat. 1. 8, compliments Macenas for reclaiming this offensive place and converting it into beautiful gardens. "Before, the cast out bodies of slaves were brought here by their fellow servants to be deposited in ill made coffins, in narrow cells. This place was the common sepulchre for the dregs of the people. . . . Now it is possible to live on the wholesome Esquiline, and bask on its sunny banks: where lately the ground, covered with whitening bones, was enough to produce melancholy."

These caves and subterranean galleries became the refuge of the Christians during the persecutions, say from the year 98 to the accession of Constantine, more than two hundred years. From their number, their intricacies, and their darkness, they furnished a comparatively safe retreat. Jerome visited them in the middle of the fourth century. He says, "I used to go down into the crypts dug in the heart of the earth, where the walls on either side are lined with the dead; and so intense is the darkness that we almost realize the words of the prophet, 'They go down alive into hell (Hades).'" The caves first occupied by the Christians are supposed to be those near the present Basilica of St. Sebastian, now an object of general curiosity. During the heat of persecution, these caves became at once dwelling, temple, and sepulchre for the people of God. Some lived there for years—one individual, eight years successively. The galleries, first wrought for building materials, were enlarged by the Christians for their own purposes, according as they needed dwellings, tombs, and chapels. Sometimes they were pursued by the soldiery and surprised in the midst of their worship. The bishop Stephen, who lived thus years under ground, was surprised while ministering to his flock. He was thrust back into his Episcopal chair and beheaded in presence of his

people. The severest enactments were made, forbidding the Christians to resort to the catacombs, and they were hunted in these "dens and caves of the earth" like wild beasts.

When the Roman empire broke to pieces by the invasion of the barbarians, the catacombs were neglected. Building material was no longer needed for the city, nor refuge for the Christians. Their orifices were filled up and they slept a thousand years. In the latter part of the sixteenth century they were opened, through the zeal of the Papal church for relics, and all their sleeping treasures brought to light. Every marble containing an inscription, funereal or other, was examined, and three thousand slabs and more were removed, and plaistered into the ceiling of a long corridor at the entrance of the Vatican Museum. There the traveller may now walk and read, in order, the short and simple annals of these poor, 'of whom the world was not worthy.' "The fathers of the church," says Maitland, "live in their voluminous works; the lower orders are only represented by these simple records, from which, with scarcely an exception, sorrow and complaint are banished; the boast of suffering, or an appeal to the revengeful passions, is nowhere to be found." These show, too, "the distinction between the actual relics of a persecuted church, and the subsequent labors of a superstitious age."

What renders this exhibition more impressive is, that on the opposite side of the gallery are arranged, in a similar manner, a multitude of inscriptions taken from heathen monuments—the great, the noble, the mighty—here a Scipio, there a Marius, and again the leaders of a cohort or a legion, whose names once sounded in the ears of men. These are dedicated "To the Divine Manes," and are embellished with the symbols peculiar to the Roman mythology. The initials D. M. uniformly surmount the inscription. Nowhere, perhaps, can be found a more impressive illustration of the truth that Christianity has thrown a flood of light on the grave, than the contrast presented by these opposing walls of the Lapidarian Gallery. While the heathen inscriptions are uniformly full of gloom, and recognized not at all a resurrection, the Christian inscriptions beam with hope and the doctrine which sustained that hope. Usually a hieroglyph accompanies the inscription, consisting of the first two letters of the word $\chi\rho\iota\sigma\tau\omicron\varsigma$, the *Rho* intersecting the *Chi* longitudinally. The palm leaf is a frequent accompaniment, sometimes simply, sometimes on a branch, and again a wreath, signifying victory over death, and a crown beyond this life. A vessel supporting a burning flame, is another emblem. The words *in peace* abound; also the words *he sleeps*. The following examples will give some idea.

VICTORINA DORMIT.

"Victorina sleeps."

ZOTICUS HIC AD DORMIENDUM.

"Zoticus laid here to sleep."

DORMITIO ELPIDIS.

"The sleeping place or dormitory of Elpis."

GEMELLA DORMIT IN PACE.

"Gemella sleeps in peace."

We should like to transcribe in *fac simile*, but cannot for want of type and room. We add Maitland's translation of two or three.

PEACE.

This grief will always weigh upon me : may it be granted me to behold in sleep your revered countenance. My wife Albana, always chaste and modest, I grieve, deprived of your support, for our Divine Author gave you to me as a sacred (boon). You well deserving one, having left your (relations), lie in peace, in sleep : you will arise ; a temporary rest is granted you. She lived forty-five years, five months, and thirteen days : buried in peace, Placus, her husband, made this.

IN CHRIST.

Alexander is not dead, but lives beyond the stars, and his body rests in this tomb. He lived under the emperor Antonine, who, foreseeing that great benefit would result from his services, returned evil for good. For while on his knees, and about to sacrifice to the true God, he was led away to execution. O, sad times ! in which sacred rites and prayers, even in caverns, afford no protection to us. What can be more wretched than such a life ? And what than such a death, when they could not be buried by their friends and relations ? At length they sparkle in heaven. He has scarcely lived, who has lived in Christian times.

Macus (or Marcus), an innocent boy. You have already begun to be among the innocent ones. How endearing is such a life to you ? How gladly will your mother, the church of God, receive you, returning to this world. Let us restrain our sighs, and cease from weeping.

Lawrence to his sweetest son Severus, borne away by angels, on the seventh Ides of January, etc.

Amerimus to Rufina, my dearest wife, the well deserving. May God refresh thy spirit.

Maitland has an interesting chapter on the symbols which accompany the inscriptions, as illustrative of the hopes and doctrines of the persecuted infant church. The anchor, the ship under sail, "heavenward bound," the dove, the cross, the letters *A Ω*, the Apocalyptic title of Christ, are full of meaning in the connection in which they are found on the marbles. Some inscriptions present the tools of the deceased, to indicate his occupation ; and others the instruments of tor-

ture with which they were put to death, as the *ungula*, or two-pronged claw, to tear the flesh. To those interested in such antiquities, this book will be a rich treat; and, earnestly commending it for perusal, we pass to add a few remarks on more modern cemeteries.

Formerly the dead were interred in the church yard, or beneath the church itself. In the crowded city, the inconvenience and noisomeness of this practice were sorely felt, and that it was so long tolerated is wonderful even with allowance for the power of long established custom, and we may say of superstition. Paris, so far as we are informed, was the first to break away from these fetters and set the example of a rural cemetery without the city enclosure, adorned with walks and alleys and avenues, and trees and shrubs and flowers, to throw some cheerfulness and attraction around man's last asylum. In 1804 the Père La Chaise, so called from a reverend father of the Jesuits who once owned the tract in part, was purchased by the city authorities for a burying place. The extent of the purchase was fifty-two acres, and lies on the east quarter of the city. The ground is beautifully diversified in surface, having one commanding hill. The laying out of the grounds was committed to M. Brongniart, architect, who executed the work in a manner, considering the novelty of the enterprise, worthy of all praise. The cemetery however met with small favor from the public for a number of years. In the first year one hundred and thirteen monuments of all sorts were erected, and for the next seven years but an average of fifty annually. The causes of this neglect are said to be the wars of that period and the mania of victory which absorbed all France. But after the pacification of Europe it grew rapidly into favor, so that in 1815 there were eighteen hundred and seventy-seven monuments, and in 1826 there were numbered thirty-one thousand monuments of all sorts. In a central position stands a chapel of Grecian architecture, for funeral service. The material of the monuments, the costly and the better sort, is marble, and the epitaphs of every description. Those who desire, will find their curiosity abundantly gratified by consulting the "Guide," noted at our head. We cannot, however, omit the monument of Marshal Ney, a plain slab, not of marble, at the eastern end of a plat, enclosed by a plain iron railing, bearing the inscription,

Ci-gît le maréchal Ney, duc d'Elchingen, prince de la Moscowa, décédé le 7 décembre 1815.

Four fir trees grace the plat, and this is all which speaks of "that iron man."

At a later period three other cemeteries, similar in their character and general plan, were established around Paris, viz. Mont-Martre on the west, containing thirty acres, Mont-Parnasse on the south, and Vaugirard on the south-west; the two latter of much smaller dimensions, and all inferior to the Père La Chaise.

From the Père La Chaise we take it (for we are not travelled), our own Mount Auburn, near Boston, is modelled, and the cemeteries at Brooklyn, N. Y., Laurel Hill at Philadelphia, Mount Hope at Rochester, N. Y., the one at Springfield, Mass., and others. Mount Auburn, more than twice the extent of Père La Chaise, and not inferior, as we believe, in natural adaptation, may yet rival its prototype in all respects. The Springfield cemetery has one exceedingly interesting characteristic. From its alluvial hills there gush forth, *ad libitum*, springs of the purest water, furnishing facilities in abundance for ornamental jets and refreshing pools. It is our ardent wish that these beginnings may be carried on to any extent of excellence, not in wasteful gorgeousness of individual display, (that is not excellence, but folly: there are pyramids and mausolea and Petras enough for one world already,) but we wish to see the last habitation cared for, protected, and such ornament and expense bestowed as propriety and *good taste* dictate. And there may be established a standard of good taste in this respect as well as in literature. Moreover, rural and horticultural cultivation will do much in accomplishing this object. It begets a community of interest in all concerned, a commendable *esprit du corps*; for we seem to have a propriety in what grows up immediately from the hand of God, although it be more particularly our neighbors'. We feel this ownership far more than we do in masses of dead stone, on which the eye of melancholy alone can rest. "Le Veritable Guide" closes with a description of a monument in Mont-Parnasse of a young wife. *Julia*, alone, is engraven on the stone. For two years, two or three times every week, the husband visited this grave and cultivated the plat; and not that only, but, at his own expense, the grounds around, to a considerable distance, comprising many monuments of those strangers to him. How much more cheerful also and significant of that which alone alleviates the gloom of the grave, viz. the hope of the life to come, is the living soul, so to speak, of the tree and shrub, which rises from the dead every spring and sends forth its fragrance, than the cold, motionless, silent marble! We cannot but commend the taste of the old patriarch, when purchasing the field of Ephron the Hittite, he contracted not only for the field and the cave therein, but "for all the trees that were in the field, and that were in all the borders round about."

We ardently desire, therefore, that the models which have been so happily begun among us may be finished, as we have no doubt they will be, in ultimate excellence. We devoutly exhort all from the country who can, in their visits to metropolitan places, to turn aside from their business and pleasure and find both a business and pleasure in the observation and study of rural cemeteries. There is more inexcusable negligence approaching barbarism, in our country cemeteries, than most are aware of. Who does not know of many where the enclosure is defenceless, and herds trample the mounds under foot; where thorns and thistles and burdocks, unsightly things, emblems of the curse, grow up in offensive luxuriance; monuments fallen, leaning, and inscriptions obliterated, the whole looking like a potter's field, purchased with "the mean salary of Judas?" We know of some, few we rejoice to say, which have been entered by barbarians, who have broken down monuments by violence, indiscriminately and in mere wantonness. These things ought not so to be, in a Christian country, that boasts of its preëminence over Turks. The Turks respect not only what they call their own, but the graves of strangers also. Through their care, we shall yet have access to the patriarchal cemetery at Mamre, the prototype of all. Whoever visits Mount Auburn or its like, will hardly feel it in his heart to treat with rudeness or neglect any last resting place of his species.

We complain of the small care that is taken in the selection of material for common tumulary stones. In our primitive sections of country slate abounds, and is much used; but from its schistose structure it is perishable, and the inscription liable to flake entirely off, and so one source of local history lost. Steatite is both inelegant and too soft. Most of the sandstones are too coarse and perishable for permanently legible inscriptions; and even our marbles are disappointing, because their polish will not stand the wear and tear of our climate. We should like to see the Quincy granite substituted to a great extent. A square prism of granite polished on one surface, or a block of the dimensions in inches, 36. 15. 6. for the part above ground, and extending below 27 inches, would unite durability, erect position, permanency of inscription, and enduring beauty, better than any other material. The first cost of such a monument would be little if any greater than the more perishable material now used; and in the rapid extension of railway transportation the Quincy quarry is almost at the door of all. The great desideratum in a monument should be endurance. We want it to last a thousand years at least; for thus much, the Jews assure us, the sacred period has yet to run. The Quincy granite admits of fine *lettering* also, whether sunk or raised, another

desideratum when we regard the men of a thousand years hence. This remark suggests another offence in the monuments of country cemeteries, which by this time should be removed. We mean the illiterate character of inscriptions. Words are misspelled, wrongly divided at the end of a line, and sentences so punctuated, that the eye is pained. This is tolerable in such an age as Gray's *Elegy* refers to—"spelt by the unlettered muse," but it is intolerable now. Yet there are many manufacturers of grave stones in New England having some skill in polishing and gravings, who are utterly destitute of *literary* taste. They ruin a stone for which they ask fifty dollars, by orthographical and other blunders. Such forfeit their claim to patronage, and their patrons should give the city the monopoly.

The Christian custom of burying with the head towards the west, is generally observed with us. We hope to see no innovation of this custom; for whether it arose from tradition, that such was the disposition of our Saviour's body in Joseph's sepulchre, as some assert, or according to others from a fanciful inference from Christ's words, "For as the lightning cometh out of the east and shineth even unto the west; so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be," and therefore lying in the last sleep with the head towards the west would be the most convenient position for the awakening body to rise up and catch—that is, the reunited spirit catch—the first glimpse of the Son of Man, it matters not. It is a Christian custom—let it be perpetuated. The most remarkable violation of this custom we remember to have seen, is where it was least to be expected, viz. at Old Plymouth, on Burial Hill. Here the bodies lie all ways. Sir Thomas Browne, if he were to rise from his own grave and survey that ground, would say: "This body, whose head is towards the north, was a Persian; that, whose head is towards the east, was a Phœnician; whereto pertaineth that third, which looketh towards neither cardinal point, were difficult in the conjecture; but this fourth, whose head is towards the west, is, past controversy, a Christian, to whatsoever nation he pertaineth."

It cannot be expected that rural cemeteries, after the model of Père La Chaise and Mount Auburn, will extend much into the country. They are metropolitan in their character, they need the resources of the rich, and the spirit of a dense population. Nevertheless they may be multiplied to some extent. Our country is a country of rising villages, and wealth is increasing. There is many a village in whose vicinity lies a piece of ground of good adaptation for such a purpose, and perhaps is worth but little for most other. The man who can awaken in his neighborhood a desire and originate a movement in this behalf, will deserve well of posterity and humanity. But the influence

of these model cemeteries on the country, if they are not imitated to any considerable extent, must in many respects be great and good. We wish them abundant encouragement. Every cemetery should be made, if possible, attractive and not repulsive. It is a place that all have occasion to visit and revisit, and it is the place of the last visit, the dire necessity of man. Some of the most durable impressions are there received, especially in those of tender years. We own our obligations to the man who wrote the stanza in the old New England Primer, however homely.

I in the burying place may see
Graves shorter there than I;
From death's arrest no age is free,
Young children too may die.
My God! may such an awful sight
Awakening be to me;
O that, by early grace, I might
For death prepared be.

We shall never forget it, nor the associations it created. The more inviting the cemetery is made, the more frequented it will be and the deeper the benign impressions.

Many are the motives which conspire to a care for the dead, some higher, some lower. In the matter of a cemetery we make no criticisms and ask no questions, but accept the contribution whatever be the motive. If it be posthumous recognition among men, we accept it; if it be respect and affection for friends, we honor it; if it be the hope of a resurrection, we rejoice at it and sympathize most of all. But as Protestants, surely no diversity of religious sentiment should sever any community from a cordial union in such a work. For ourselves, we cheerfully avow the belief of a literal resurrection from the dead, and acknowledge that as the supreme motive of interest in the subject. We believe it a thing not incredible that God will raise the very body in which a man dies. No philosophical dilemmas that are raised, affect us any more than the old puzzles of the crocodile and the like. God is able and certainly will follow with his special providence every elementary particle that is needful for the reconstruction, and call it from its hiding place. He can and will prevent these particles from constituting successive bodies or coëxisting bodies at the moment of death, so as to involve a philosophical impossibility in the reconstruction. He who guides the planet in its proper orbit can watch over and guide the atom. God will raise the dead to life again.

As little are we moved by the assertion that the *vis vitæ* of the physiologists—the principle of life—which being coëxtensive with the body

and coëxisting with it till death, is itself body—the spiritual body—and flies off with the soul at death, thus annihilating the resurrection of the mortal body. “This *mortal* shall put on immortality, and this *corruptible* shall put on incorruption.” “Who shall change our *vile* body that it may be fashioned like unto Christ’s glorious body.” That the vital principle is the spiritual body may be a beautiful theory, but it is theory only and baseless. It must be baseless until the physiologist can detect it (the vital principle), and show it to be an entity and not a relation. There is not the slightest hope of such an event; we should as soon expect to meet with the fabled *umbra* of the ancients and hold it in our grasp. Moreover the theory requires such special pleading in the interpretation of the Bible, that that alone subjects it to fatal suspicion.

That the church in the catacombs believed in a literal resurrection, we have not the slightest doubt. Those simple hearted, unlettered, unsophisticated Christians expressed on their tomb-stones their straightforward belief, unsuspecting of any philosophical difficulties. “You well deserving one! lie in peace—in sleep—you will arise—a temporary rest is granted you.” “How gladly will your mother the church of God, receive you, returning to this world.” We join hand and heart with their interpretation. Nor does the doctrine seem to have been *wholly* excluded from the thoughts of the heathen. We beg leave to quote Sir Thomas Browne once more. In chapter 4th he says:

“And if the ancient Gentiles held not the immortality of their better part and some subsistence after death, in several rites, customs, actions and expressions, they contradicted their own opinions; where in Democritus went high, even to the thought of a resurrection, as scoffingly recorded by Pliny. ‘*Similis reviviscendi promissa Democrito vanitas, qui non revixit ipse. Quae, malum, ista dementia est! iterari vitam morte.*’ L. 7. c. 55. ‘A similar vanity of living again was set forth by Democritus, who himself did not live again. What madness this, forsooth! that one should live again after death!’—What can be more express than the expression of Phocylides? ‘*καὶ τάχα δ’ ἐκ γαίης ἐλπίζομεν εἰς φάος ἐλθεῖν λείψαν ἀποικομένων,*’ et deinceps, ‘And departing from the earth, I hope soon to return to the light which I had left,’ etc.”

It is pleasant to meet with glimmerings of the doctrine among the heathen, but how dark their night! They sought, but could not find. “We have a more sure word of prophecy, whereunto we do well that we take heed, as unto a light shiuing in a dark place.”

We say, then, that while other considerations may be permitted to have all the weight they deserve, the doctrine of the resurrection

ought to be the high commanding motive, that should influence us in our care for the dead. For this, let them be decently composed, arrayed, and committed to the narrow cell, to moulder and dissolve until the appointed time. For the day of the Lord will surely come, earth's millions will come forth. Every battle field will move—Marathon, Borodino, Waterloo. Jerusalem, that grave of men, will shake, the sea will give up its dead, and all that departed in the waves of the great inundation will come forth, and every cemetery make its contribution. The great forefather, with his whole family, will appear again upon this stage. And a separation will be made, a sentence will be given; it is the last court, there is no appeal. "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." Before such considerations, all other motives fade like the taper at noon day. Especially does the motive of posthumous memory vanish. Should the wicked man perpetuate his name till the sound of the last trump, it will rot then. But the righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance.

Sir Thomas grows eloquent in the conclusion of his *Hydriotaphia*: we cannot hope to emulate him with all his quaintness and antithesis. As we began with him, so we will end with him.

"Five languages secured not the epithet of Gordianus; *The Man of God* lives longer without a tomb than any by one, invisibly interred by angels, and adjudged to obscurity, though not without some marks directing human discovery. Enoch and Elias without either tomb or burial, in an anomalous state of being, are the great examples of perpetuity, in their long and living memory, in strict account being still on this side death, and having a late part yet to act upon this stage of earth. If in the decreitory term of the world, we shall not all die but be changed, according to received translation; the last day will make but few graves; at least, quick resurrections will anticipate lasting sepultures. Some graves will be opened before they be quite closed, and Lazarus be no wonder. When many that feared to die, shall groan that they can die but once, the dismal state is the second and living death, when life puts despair on the damned; when men shall wish the coverings of mountains, not of monuments, and annihilation shall be courted."

We suggest to the authorities of Mount Auburn the expediency of publishing an edition of the *Hydriotaphia*, believing it would promote the interests of cemeteries in general. We know not where there is so much condensed on the subject of burial, in a short compass, as in this tract. Its antiquated style and eccentric thought and varied lore

cannot fail to please; and it will be found, on careful reading, to be suggestive of many valuable thoughts, both practical and serious. It should, however, be edited with notes sufficient to render it popular. It would then make but a small book, and would beguile some spare hour of the visitor to the City of the Dead.

We hope, also, that some publisher will find it in his way to reprint the work of Maitland. The subject is one of great interest to the Protestant public, and is destined to a more full development, when the watchful jealousy of the Vatican shall become a little more relaxed, as the events in Divine Providence already give striking indications. In a note, Maitland remarks thus :

“ In the year 1841, the writer applied for permission ‘ to copy some of the inscriptions contained in the Lapidarian Gallery,’ and a license ‘ to make some memoranda, in drawing, in that part of the Museum,’ was granted. About that time a misunderstanding is reported to have arisen between the Jesuits and the officers of the Vatican; in consequence of which the former were refused permission to copy the inscriptions in question for their forthcoming work on the Christian Arts. An application was also made by them to the Custode of the Gallery, in order to prevent the use of its contents by a Protestant. On the last day of the month for which the author’s license was available, he was officially informed that his permission did not extend to the inscriptions, but only to a few blocks of sculpture scattered up and down the Gallery. This communication was accompanied by a demand that the copies already made should be given up, which was refused; and with the understanding that no more inscriptions should be copied, and that they should not be published *in Rome*, the matter was allowed to drop.”

ARTICLE III.

THE CLAIMS OF THE NATURAL SCIENCES ON THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

By Rev. John Jay Dana, South Adams, Ms.

THE dissatisfaction with existing forms of government is only one of the indications that the human mind is awaking. There is an extraordinary zeal in investigating nature. The little island of knowledge is an island still, but every year makes additions to its territory.